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Wednesday, April 3rd, 1889.—No. 630.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON WEDNESDAY LAST, March 27th, John Bright died, after a long illness. He was the foremost Liberal among the public men of England. Although he had been unable, for many years, to take a prominent part in public affairs, he remained to the last the one man of all English politicians who was a Liberal because he himself was liberal in thought, in word, in deed. He was not a Liberal merely by grace of belonging to a party that called itself the Liberal party: his claim to the title lay in the broad liberality of his thought and in the liberal kindness of his heart. He was called a Liberal because in heart and mind and soul he was liberality itself. That is, he was *free*—free to all good ideas, new and old: free of traditions, however powerful they might be through the might of age: free in his conscience: bound only to do what that unfettered conscience required of him.

\* \* \*

For fifty-one years he had been in the service of his people as a public man. Through all those fifty-one years he fought solely for principle, never for self. He did and said what he thought was right for himself, for his country, for all humanity. No one questions his honesty, his sincerity, his unselfishness. Nor did he give his courage and his quick sympathy to the service of one land alone. Through all the time of the war for the Union he was the best friend that the United States had in all Europe. In private and in public he was the champion of the free republic, and no one has estimated, to this day, the debt we owe him. We paid him then, in praise, the tribute of our gratitude. Nothing was too good for John Bright. We hailed him as our friend and the friend of

humanity. We could not find words wherewith to express our admiration of his unselfish bravery. We held John Bright as one with our own patriots, whose devotion saved our national unity.

\* \* \*

And yet John Bright has lain for months a-dying—all but dead—and not one daily newspaper in the United States has dared to tell the present generation of readers how good and great he was, and how the last generation loved and honored him. Why has none of them dared to do this plain and simple duty to a great man? Because they were afraid of the IRISH VOTE. That is the plain English—or American—of it. John Bright, the lover of liberty, the friend of the United States, the man who fought for liberty in his own country and in alien nations—this man in his old age dared to oppose Mr. C. S. Parnell in his political schemes, and no American newspaper dared to do him honor, for fear of offending Mr. C. S. Parnell's supporters in this country. John Bright dared to do what he thought was right. The American newspaper does not dare to do any thing which may not please the IRISH VOTE. It dares, very often, to be vulgar and sensational and scandalous; but it does not dare to offend the IRISH VOTE. An American newspaper, it seems, may dare to do some things incompatible with self-respect, and shrink from doing other things, even if it has to put its self-respect into its pocket in order to refrain from doing them.

\* \* \*

To tell the plain truth, the fear of the IRISH VOTE hangs over the American press like an uplifted lash. The press of to-day fears this political power as the press of a generation ago (and the Church, let it be said with sincere regret,) feared the political power of the advocates of Slavery. From Maine to Mendocino there is hardly one paper that dares to tell a truth unpalatable to the terrible IRISH VOTE. One newspaper bids against another to win the favor of the Irishmen who cast votes as Americans, and all together have worked for twenty-five years to build up a nation within a nation—a nation of naturalized Irishmen, enjoying the privileges of American citizens and feeling no responsibilities except to that portion of the Irish people who are in revolt, more or less open, against the government of Great Britain, a power friendly to the United States.

\* \* \*

"Great Britain, a power friendly to the United States." Our newspapers act as though they had never considered the important fact which is expressed in these few words: they make nothing of offering advice to a foreign government; of inciting rebellion among British subjects against British laws; of encouraging British subjects who are in contempt of British courts. Twenty-nine or thirty years ago, when the English papers (notably the *Times*), took a similar attitude in dealing with American affairs, we remonstrated with so much vigor that, from the close of our civil war to the present day, we have had no such interference to complain of. But to-day our newspapers meddle with English politics which do not concern them at all, and encourage resistance to the law and order of Great Britain; and appear to be unconscious of any impropriety or immorality in so doing—being wholly satisfied with pleasing the IRISH VOTE.

\* \* \*

Perhaps it is harsh to blame the newspapers for taking their cue from the statesmen who, all over the country, bow down before this alien fetish. Yet we may fairly look to the press, the censor of politics, to be superior to the politicians. We know that the highest legislative body in the United States, the national Senate, will, without reflection, pass a resolution insulting the government of Great Britain, at the demand of any irresponsible body of Irishmen. The Senate has precedent enough: the House of Representatives has done its duty in this sort of business. And still we are on friendly terms, as a nation, with the British nation. The English are a patient people.

\* \* \*

Do not misunderstand this statement. We are not in love with the Englishman, as an individual. He is insolent, arrogant, narrow-minded, intolerant. But he has his good qualities. He is honest, steady: he sticks to a bargain. In business, he is our best friend, and we deal with him more than with any other foreigner. He buys our goods, and we buy his. We are, many of us, clothed in his woolens, and we walk on his carpets. The most of our shipping has long since gone under his flag—owing to the protective policy which forbids Americans to build or buy ships. Such are our relations with the British nation. And yet our newspapers and our public men make nothing of interfering in British affairs; or of offering discourtesies to the British government, whenever the representatives of the IRISH VOTE demand that duty of them. It was supposed, once upon a time, that the dignity of America was something to be considered. But that was—"once upon a time."



EVENED UP AT LAST.

MISS AMITY BLEEKER.—I am very sorry, George;  
but I can never be any thing more to you than a—

MR. MORNINGSIDE (*breaking in badly*).—Darn it;  
I've got two grandmothers already!

And Patrick Egan, "of Nebraska," is to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Chili. If John Hancock had foreseen this, when he was invited to sign the Declaration of Independence, he would have been more economical of his ink.

# After Church.



UNDER LATTICE, arch and gable,  
Up and down the Sunday street  
Where the congregations meet,  
Much I love to follow Mabel.

Much I love the sunlight glancing  
On the ranks of new top hats,  
And upon a figure that's  
Close in front of me advancing.

From the columns of St. Peter,  
From the arches of St. Mark,  
One would say each city spark  
Had run headlong here to meet her.

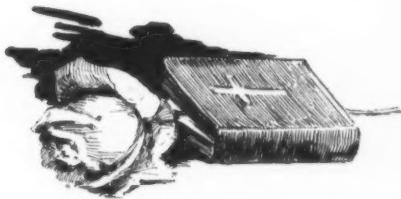
Can you count how many roses  
She has fastened in her dress?  
Of the beaux that 'round her press  
You may count as many noses.

Each succeeding congregation's  
Way does she in turn obstruct;  
There should be a viaduct  
Over Mabel on occasions.

All the new top hats are doffing,  
All the bonnets toss again;  
They are always tossing when  
Mabel's sighted in the offing.

Yes, an easy first she still is,  
Still the girl to make a stir.  
Much I love to follow her—  
And to walk, myself, with Phyllis.

Thomas Wharton.



## REMARKS ON DOGS AND CATS.

By the Boy Next Door.



I'D RATHER have a dog than a cat, any day. Dogs can race cats, they can race other dogs, they can race boys, or any thing. Nobody ain't scared of a cat. A mouse is; but not if it ain't somewhere that it can't get out of, or a rat, either. A dog can make a cat get dead if he bites her enough. When he comes in the yard he can make her tail look like a Christmas-tree. He can make her fix her back up like a camel. I ain't afraid of thieves; but thieves are afraid of dogs.

If a thief comes where a dog can get at him, he'll run like the doost; but the dog won't run. A dog can watch a house better than a policeman. He won't let the man that owns it come in the back-yard in the middle of the night; but a cat would. If a man, or any other thief was to sneak in, would a cat

care? She'd go over the fence like lightening. That's what! A dog knows when you're home from school. He ain't sleepy, then. He has fun with old hats, if you give him one. You've got to pay for keeping him; but you don't a cat; because a dog's some good, and a cat ain't. I'd rather have a dog.

M. S. B.

## A STATESMAN'S REWARD.

"Lige, did you give Mr. Spoyles, of Indiana, on his departure, my distinct refusal to consider his claims to the Corn Creek Post-office?" "No, Mr. President, I gave him your discarded inauguration pantaloons."

## WHEN JUSTICE PUTS ON MOTLEY.

CULPRIT (*who has just been sentenced for ten days on the Island*).—Many thanks. Sure your Honor is a pleasant gentleman!

MAGISTRATE.—What's that, prisoner?

CULPRIT.—Why, sor, barrin' the minstrel show, Oi can't remember so funny a speech as yours since Judge Guffy sent me up the last time!

## ONLY ONCE, PLEASE.

THE REV. DR. ALBAN COPE (*firmly, to eloping couple*).—It is impossible; I will not marry any body in Lent!

WILL MARIGOLD (*urgently*).—For goodness's sake, Doctor, can't you do it just this time? We won't trouble you again!

CEDRIC.—It is a very respectable thing to have a grandfather, of course; but if your politics are right, there is nothing that you can more safely invest in than a father. A property of this kind has been known to secure cabinet offices and foreign missions.

THE MAN who has been getting his feet wet in the slush all Winter, now buys a pair of rubber boots because the Spring rains are coming. Some people are bound to be methodical, if it costs a life.

WEALTH HAS its disadvantages, after all. In a cheap grogillery you may drink into the wee sma' hours; but you must n't at a society ball.

SPRING IS WITH us at last; but there are many cold days ahead for the Government office-holder.



THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

New and improved form of opera glass, adapted to the present era of tall hats. Mirrors are set in the angles of the tube, and the rays of light are thus directed to the eye of the observer. (See diagram.)

## FAME ON DRAUGHT.

**I**T HAS BEEN remarked by one of those numerous individuals, whom we are wont to designate collectively as "the Poet":

"To what base ends and by what abject ways  
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise."

I could have said the same thing myself, just as well as the poet, only he happened to think of it before I did.

Eurybates McSweeney desired to become famous. He was thoroughly convinced that he deserved fame; yet he also felt that an unsympathetic public would receive his own personal statement to that effect with chilling silence, or, at most, with cruelly avowed incredulity. After profound excogitation, Eurybates decided that he must resort to that questionable process known, on the stage and in novels, as "base subterfuge." Two weeks later the editor of *The New York Literary Starler* received two letters. The first of these, dated at Chicago, was as follows:

DEAR SIR:  
What information have you concerning the young poet, Eurybates McSweeney? Has he not recently issued a volume of his later poems, and if so, under what title? His earlier poems promised a brilliant future. They were palpably the precursors of a finished and pleasing style. Among these were "Sunset on the Hudson," "The Coming of Spring," "Sunset at Sea," "Autumnal Thoughts," "Lines to Miss —," etc., etc. Their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification.

A harmony pervades the whole, a perfect modulation of numbers seldom surpassed and not very often equalled in compositions of this class.

I understand that Mr. McSweeney resides at Hazelbrush Corners, and is contemplating a visit abroad. Is this true? Any information concerning his latest work will greatly oblige,

J. M. S.

The second letter, dated at Boston, read as follows:

DEAR SIR :

Please inform me through your queries column as to some of the earlier and minor poems of Eurybates McSweeney, whose recently published volume of poems, "Rural Ruminations," is now displayed side-by-side with Browning's Works in Boston book stores.

The finished character of these poems has led me to make a study both of them and of the author, and for this reason I wish to have his earliest productions before me. I am sure they must have presaged the present acknowledged transcendence of Mr. McSweeney.

In "Rural Ruminations" he deals with passions and with humor. He has emerged from abstract reasoning and pure dissertation; he renders

morality visible and truth expressive; he gives his ideas an attractive physiognomy. He is a finished writer, perfected evidently by a knowledge of the fine arts, by experience with the world and study of style, by continuous and delicate study of all that is worthy in things and men, in life and art.

It has been stated that Mr. M. resides at Hazelbrush Corners, but this is an error. He frequently visits his brother-in-law, who keeps store at Hazelbrush Corners; but his home is at Crampville, some nine miles distant. He is said to be contemplating a pleasure trip through Missouri during the coming year. A little of your valuable space devoted to this subject would greatly edify

G. R. M.

And the queries editor, whose forces, both vital and intellectual, had been greatly depleted by a correspondent who wished to know if John Bright, the English statesman, was the author of "Bright's Disease," was so delighted at receiving some queries which he could answer with the requisite lucidity and precision, without tedious research, that Eurybates McSweeney received a quarter of a column; upon reading which he inaugurated an epistolary campaign in which he should lay siege to every printed publication in the land, remarking in his characteristic way, as he did so, "Watch me get there."

H. L. Wilson.

## BASE FABRICATIONS.

WIDOW JOHNSING.—Doan' yo' t'ink, Deakin', dat Professah Yawper straitched de truse in his disco'se dis ebenin?

DEACON FOWLAR.—Straitch am nuffin', Mrs. Johnsing; wha, I would n' beliebe dem lies ef I tole em mahsef!



## COMMENDABLE CARE.

"I say, this is a valuable experience for me," casually observed Russell, "this President business. I tell you, I'm keeping a sharp eye on politics, these days. I mean to have everything all right and smooth when I go in, in '92!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES having shaken hands with our base-ball men, Anglo-maniacs are informed that it is no longer good form to run down all things American.

THE ELECTION carried by Dudley's "floaters in blocks of five," Dudley unindicted, the Albany ceiling swindle half-exposed and nobody punished, the green flag floating over the City Hall and Kerr acquitted. Who's in the soup? All honest men and decent citizens, apparently.

WE MAY some day have a "Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World," Cedric; but even then it would be a plucky committee that would ask the display of England's flag on the New York City Hall. As is usual in families, our nearest relations get the least courtesy.

AND NOW the poor men of the Senate want their pay raised, so they may live more like the monopolists of the Senate. It is sweet and proper to serve a country that is troubled with a Surplus Problem.



MARCH IN APRIL.

DEACON UPTAR.—Hold on, Hanner, and we'll take a snub to this hitching post; for when the dinged wind'll blow a kyar 'long that way, it comes pretty nigh bein' a cyclone!

## TO NATURE.

MY MADAM:

You are truly a beautiful and wonderful thing, no matter from what standpoint you are regarded. But you have your limitations. Whoso holds the mirror up to you, sees the self-same picture always. You are original, and have your variable moods; but there is a great deal of sameness about you. Your Springs are all alike, and so are your Summers, your Autumns and your Winters. I have found this out by experience, and not by accident; for I have been working you for all you are worth for some years. No more can I carol of the beauties of the vernal leas, the babbling brooks and the frisky lambkin; for if I do, the editor will say, "This has been done before; it's as old as the world!" But if you

can glad us with Spring every year, why should not it be written about? And if it can not be written about, why don't you give us something new? Your roses are rich in all their creamy loveliness; but still they are the same old roses that you gave us last year. The snowy draperies you sprinkle on the apple trees are so much like those of the past that no one could tell them apart. Your hollyhocks do not waken any surprise in the beholder, because they are only hollyhocks, as much alike as so many butter crackers, or what not.

Why do you not change, if only for the benefit of the writer, who can not ring many changes on a subject so full of sameness. When you give us purple foliage on a certain species of beech and blue grass in Kentucky, you hint beautifully at what you can do when you are feeling well. But why do you not carry it further, and give us some pleasant surprises? Have omelettes grow on the egg plant, and pie on the pie plant, and sugar plums on the maple! Then you would shine as a poet. But to go on giving us violets in the Spring, succotash in the Summer, pumpkins in the Fall, and whirlwinds in the Winter, right straight along, makes it pretty hard on the horny-handed poets who are invoked by their Master to hold the mirror up to you. If you were being run by an editor you would have great pieces scissored out of you, and a blue pencil drawn through you lengthwise, and lots of irrelevant spice, so-called, sprinkled over you to make you go. You are the very essence of poetry, yet it is becoming fashionable to exclude you from it. We should be



THE GROWING POPULARITY OF THE FARMHOUSE-AND-BARNYARD STYLE OF PLAY.

(We fear the Legitimate Drama will soon have to be presented as above.)

HAMLET.—Alas! poor Yorick!—wa-al, wa-al!—B'gosh,  
I knew him, Horatio;—etc., etc.

very happy to have you change things a little, if only for the benefit of the business and those engaged in it. We can do nothing with you, because we are told you have been done to death. And yet, if we are not true to you, we are reminded of our infidelity by being told we are artificial and not natural. We are told to do something new, when it is well known that there is nothing new under the sun.

If the editor were as well acquainted with you as the poet is, it might be different. His sympathy with you might waken an appreciation of the poet's work, and through his imagination the editor might see the breezes ripple through the blossoms and the dew-drops sparkle on the rose-tree. But the editor, as a rule, scarcely knows you by sight. He only knows the changes of your annual cycle by the advertisements. If



## IRRELEVANT.

"Mama, at the Ponce de Leon hop, last night, Mr. De  
Ritch asked me to be his wife."  
"Of course you accepted him?"  
"Of course—but he began so queerly."  
"How?"  
"He asked me if I loved him!"

straw hats are advertised, he knows it's Summer. An allusion to bock beer and May wine assures him that it must be Spring, while the influx of copy on pumpkins and overcoats satisfies him just what part of the year he is enjoying.

Therefore, we pray you, do something new for our sake. Give us a rum shrubbery in the garden, or do some other airy caper for our general good. We humbly suggest that you remove some of the nose from the tapir, and put more on the pug. Take one hump off the camel, and adjust it on the lower spinal slope of the giraffe, to make his elevation more beautiful; clothe the sheep in a fleece that is half cotton, and let the tea-rose be the tea's best chromo. With these suggestions you can bring about the needed change, and make us all happy.

Yours truly,

R. K. M.

## THOUGHTS ON RIDING IN AN "L" CAR.

Expectoration is vexation,  
Loud talking's most as bad;  
The masher, he does bother me,  
• The brakeman makes me mad.



## THE ATTACK.



LATE IN THE afternoon a train of wagons containing a party of Eastern huntsmen, crept snake-like through a pass in the Montana mountains. Our wagon had fallen behind the others, so that by a quick turn in the rocks they were out of sight; and we had just begun to express our opinion of the men ahead of us, when a band of Indians in full dress sprang upon us from an ambush.

I drew my double-barreled, breech-loading, choked bore, hammerless shot-gun closer to my side,

and looked around at my companions. A few showed fear, some were thinking deeply; only our driver, who had been over the road a hundred times before, was composed.

As for me, a positive chill crept down my spinal column, and a deadly negative chill proceeded upward; they united and discharged themselves in a shiver which shook several articles out of the wagon.

The sun was setting in the west, and the scene wore a peaceful aspect, trimmed with costly, crape-like clouds.

By this time the savages had drawn up in a semi-circle around the conveyance. They looked as much alike as the players on a base-ball nine. The chief stepped forward. He was clad in a buffalo robe and a flour sack; the latter held about his loins by a shawl-strap. We read our doom in the awful purple letters of the branded sack. Even his Waterbury watch ceased ticking, instead of taking advantage of the solemn silence, broken only by the ominous click of his scalping knife as he sharpened it on the wagon tire.

Suddenly he lifted his copper-colored countenance and demanded—tobacco. Everybody drew in an imperial gallon of the fresh mountain air. The driver handed a plug of the weed to the chief, who cut off as large a section as he could without paring his finger nails, and returned the fragment to its owner.

The band crowded around their leader and obtained a share of the booty. What remained he packed away in the hollow compartment formerly occupied by the works of the Waterbury.

When we reached the next settlement, I hurried to the principal store; and, although I had never previously used tobacco, I purchased a plug about twenty inches in length, with other appropriate dimensions.

As I turned to leave, I met the rest of the party coming in at the front and side doors. They wished to be prepared for another attack.

P. B. Barnard.

## A HOPEFUL SON.

OLD GIBBON.—I think, Howell, that you should try to curtail your expenses. How do you expect to get along when you are my age?

HOWELL GIBBON.—Well, Father, I suppose by that time I'll have your money to get along on!

QUININE IS Malaria's bitterest enemy.

SO MUCH FAULT is found with the practice of going out between the acts, how would it do to come in between the drinks?

THE PAINTER sticks to his colors.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT is the only cure for gambling. When Robinson Crusoe saw poor Friday fall at his feet, the first thing that he did was to raise him — one better.

## VERY PRECOCIOUS.

SISSY.—Whose little boy are you, Sonny?

SONNY.—Oh, I'm the little boy who says all the funny things that are in the juvenile column of the *Daily Whirl!* But whose little girl might you be?

SISSY.—I'm the little girl who writes the prize stories for the *Wail and Distress!*

## HAD THE DUMPS.

MR. R. E. TAYLOR (to Mr. Job Lott).—What's the matter with your Mr. Ahlwuhl? I have always considered him the most agreeable and accommodating salesman in the establishment; but, of late, he seems absent-minded and sort of gloomy. Ain't the same fellow at all. Any thing serious the matter with him?

MR. JOB LOTT.—Oh, John'll come 'round all right, I guess! He moved from New York to Brooklyn a couple of weeks ago, and he can't seem to get used to it.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME for the boodle Aldermen in Sing Sing to get out? Men of convictions are not wanted on these juries now; but men of acquittals.



## THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

MADISON SQUEER.—I suppose that's that everlasting great Lord Yelloughby Dantek we're all invited here to meet. 'Gad, he puts on style enough!

UPSON DOWNES.—Great Scott, Maddy, you're out of the swim—that's William Garrabrant Smith! I'll introduce you.

MADISON SQUEER.—William Garra—? Who's he?

UPSON DOWNES.—Why, where do you keep yourself? He's the man who does "Pigs in Clover" with his left hand and both eyes shut. That little rat in the corner's Lord Yelloughby.

## NOT SO FUNNY.

EDITOR (looking at joke).—That's funny.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Yes, I thought so.

EDITOR.—I don't mean that. It's funny that you should think such a thing as that funny!

THE CENTURY CLUB is not a war-club, Cedric. You have been misled by the name of that monthly magazine.

MR. DANA fully believes that it is better to be rare than to be President.

CAWS AND EFFECT—A Diminished Corn Crop.

REFORM is ever dear to the heart of the party out of office.

FAIR PLAY's a jewel; but jewels don't make a fair play—even of "Antony and Cleopatra."



## THE VULGAR TONGUE.



FIRST CITIZEN.—Soy, young feiler, I kin do you up! See?  
SECOND CITIZEN.—RATS!!!



Mrs. TENACRE.—Goodness me! Where?

## AN EVENING CALLER.

### A COMEDY OF CULTURE.

**SCENE.**—*The Maitlands parlor. MABEL MAITLAND on one end of a sofa, awaiting the entrance of some one who has just rung the bell.*

**TIME.**—Evening.

*Enter ALLEN ADAIR.*

MABEL.—Good evening, Mr. Adair; I hardly expected any callers this evening, it is so stormy.

ALLEN.—I had no idea the weather was so bad when I started out. There is no rain, but the wind is very high.

MABEL.—Mama says it is going to rain; her—her rheumatism is her barometer.

ALLEN.—I suppose rheumatism and kindred diseases must be affected by electrical conditions of the atmosphere.

MABEL.—Probably. What wonderful progress electrical science is making now! I hear we are to have not only electric street railways, but electric trunk lines as well.

ALLEN.—They will come next. I never hear the expression “trunk line” that I do not think of a line to carry trunks.

MABEL.—The same way with me. I think of a picture of a big railway station full of trunks and people going to Montreal and Quebec. Were you ever there?

ALLEN.—I never got further into Canada than the north bank of Niagara Falls. You have been there, I know.

MABEL.—Yes, indeed; it was glorious!

ALLEN.—I wonder if they will ever utilize that great water-power?

MABEL.—I believe the consent of the state must be obtained; a gentleman told Papa something about it.

ALLEN.—That may be an easy matter or a hard matter, depending on who asks for it. Wheels within wheels are to be found everywhere in politics now, and the few rule the many. It is the same way with the general government. The few declare war and the many do the fighting.

MABEL.—Yes; I wonder if there will be any more trouble about Samoa?

ALLEN.—There might be. I don't think Germany would hesitate about a war with anybody; the young Emperor is anxious for laurels. Speaking of emperors, I see the Emperor of China is to be married to I don't know how many wives.

MABEL.—Yes; is n't it horrid! The Chinese are so strange.

ALLEN.—The Japanese, however, are quite civilized, I understand, though the Chinese are the older race.

MABEL.—Oh, yes; they are almost the first race, are they not?

ALLEN.—I don't know, really; I suppose no one does. What strange civilizations the prehistoric races must have had, judging from the few traces left! Everything tells of love of animal comfort, combined with elaborate preparations for offense and defense. Men seem to have been at war from the beginning.

MABEL.—I notice the pictures of prehistoric animals indicate that they, too, were well provided with weapons of attack.

ALLEN.—Yes; it was all feeding and being fed on; but, no doubt, in an earlier era, when the earth's crust was still warm, tropical vegetation rankly luxurious and the animals few, there might then have been a peaceful existence for all that lived—all being vegetarians. Probably it was after this that they were driven to eating each other, driven by changed geological and —

MABEL (*whispering*).—Mama has gone upstairs.

ALLEN (*grabbing her*).—My own, own, ownest, sweet n-n-n-n-y-y-y-u-u-u-m-m-m-m !

*Charles William Foster.*



## A FLAT REFUSAL.

JANITOR.—Have you any children, sir?

MR. KIDBY.—Yes; three.

JANITOR.—I can't let you have this flat, then.

MR. KIDBY.—But my children are all married.

JANITOR.—It does n't make any difference.

MR. KIDBY.—They live out in Chicago.

JANITOR.—Can't help it, sir; the owner says he won't rent to nobody who has children, under no circumstances.

## A NATURAL INFERENCE.

BROWN.—Have you noticed any thing about Smith, lately? Ever think him flighty? subject to temporary insanity? Any thing like that in his family?

ROBINSON.—No, indeed! Why, what have you noticed?

BROWN.—He 's bought a liver-colored Spring overcoat, that 's all.

## TOUCHING.

KIRBY STONE.—I 've just witnessed a very affecting street incident, Lott.

JOB LOTT.—What was it?

KIRBY STONE.—Two truck drivers got their wheels locked on West Street, and both had such severe colds they could n't speak a loud word.

## GREENLY'S WEATHER BAD ENOUGH.

“Gracious me!” said old Mrs. Homebody, laying down the newspaper; “what awful Winter weather they do have up there in Manitob! I hope, for goodness's sake, they won't bring Canady into the United States.”

## CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—I saw Upson Downes the other day give away a good Winter overcoat to a miserable tramp; few know what an impulsive, generous-hearted fellow he is; he does n't get the credit he deserves.

HYAND LOWE.—Oh, Downes gets credit enough. He bought that very coat over a year ago; and, to my certain knowledge, it is n't paid for yet.

PUC



J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N.Y.

THEY ALL DO IT — CRINGING BEFOR

PUCK.



J. Opper

BEFORE THE IRISH VOTE AND SUPPORT.

# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXIX.

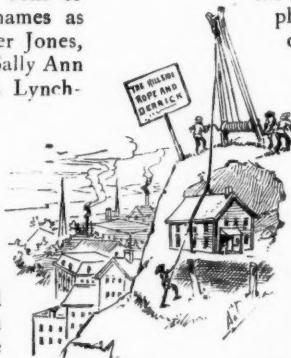
LYNCHBURG, VA.



LYNCHBURG is situated on the James River, at a point where the bank of the river seems to have been turned upon one side to dry, taken root and grown in that position. The Lynchburgers point with pride to their hills, and have a contempt for the lowland people who live nearer the seaboard. Lynchburg is a great tobacco-manufacturing centre. Babies are frequently named after brands of tobacco, and the rolls of one of the schools show such names as Fine Cut Turpin, Bright Wrapper Jones, Sweet Plug Perkins, Golden Leaf Sally Ann Tompkins, and so on. When a Lynchburger dies, his friends use dark tobacco for thirty days as a sign of mourning, and a plug of his favorite brand is laid tenderly on his grave. The babies of the city are made to cut their teeth on tobacco plugs, and in that way acquire a taste for it at a very early and boisterous age.

When a Lynchburg dude takes a twilight stroll with his girl, he usually takes an ice-hook along to catch her if she should roll down a hill, or fall over a precipice. A solitary stroller on the hill-tops frequently provides against falls by carrying a large number of inflated toy balloons.

A common way of building a hillside house in Lynchburg is to finish it in a valley, then raise it with ropes to the proper elevation, and mortise it into the side of the hill. This work is done chiefly by "The Hillside Rope and Derrick Building Association." The phrase "middle class" is applied to those people who live on the sides of the hills—neither at the top nor the bottom.



Many of the chimneys of Lynchburg houses reach up to the windows and porches of other houses, thus presenting a curious appearance. This circumstance has given rise to several unfortunate family feuds.

One day the top of Tom Brander's chimney was kicked off by Ned Jones's horse, and the half-cooked breakfast of the Brander family was thereby filled with grit and ruined. The families are no longer on speaking terms, except through the telephone.

On another occasion, the little son of Col. James Smythe dropped a live kitten down the chimney of Capt. Tom Witt. In return for this, the Witts tried to smoke out the Smythes, by burning sulphur and brimstone in their fire-place; but the Smythes checkmated this strategic movement by putting a Babcock extinguisher to work, and sending a stream of gas and acid down the chimney of the Witts.

A chemical analysis of the city of Lynchburg shows this result: water-power, 5 per cent.; city, 5 per cent.; hills, 90 per cent.

The natives deny the accuracy of this analysis; but it is vouched for by a good chemist and auctioneer of the place, whose nativity, however, was not ascertained.

It is quite certain, however, that Lynchburg will be a much larger place as soon as it is built up and becomes more densely populated.



M.

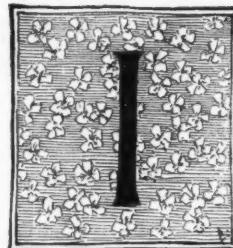
## THOSE MYSTERIOUS BAGS.



**HOFFMAN HOWES.**—How quickly you can tell a lawyer! Just notice the air of concentrated power and self-repression in that man coming. I'll bet a hat he's going to argue some case involving life and death!

**THE LEGAL LIGHT.**—Don't hurry off, gents! It'll cost yer only ten cents ter hear "'Way Down Upon th' Suwanee," with variations!

## THE OLD APPLE-TREE.



'M A VERY OLD, merrily old apple-tree,  
And this is the long-headed song I sing :  
These vernal airs  
that encompass me,  
Are not related at all to Spring.

The robin may ripple his liquid notes,  
While the frog of the season's advent fibs,  
And the pussy willow its thin leaves floats,  
And the woodpecker nimblly tickles my ribs.

But I know, as I know that the day is warm  
And the cat bird out in the cedar toots,  
That to-morrow will bring the biting storm  
That will rattle me down to my very roots.

Oh, what if the vender carols "Shad!"  
And the coal dealer's face is long with woe;  
I'll withhold my blossoms to make me glad  
Till I know they can't freeze into flakes of snow.

The swallow about me lightly skims,  
And the crocuses by the brook are bright;  
But I'm sure in a day or two my limbs  
Will all be embroidered with skeins of white.

The beholder will laugh : "How premature  
In your blossom raiment so soon to blow!"  
And I shall reply with delight, I'm sure :  
"Oh, go to thunder; it's only snow!"

R. K. M.



GETTING ALONG.

Ex-CASH-BOY MURPHY.—I's been pr'mted down ter d' store, Mammy.  
Mrs. MURPHY.—Is that so? It's th' smart boy yez are. Fwhat meks  
yure hair so wet?  
Ex-CASH-BOY MURPHY.—Th' cashier is usin' me head fer a sponge when he  
counts up th' boodle.

AN EPICURE REGRETS that the buck shad is not a roe buck.

THE REV. COL. SHELD WANTS to stop the Sunday street-cars and the Sunday newspapers. Why does n't he also stop the Sunday interest on his investments?

IT IS ONLY at Boston whist-parties that they play the caoutchouc.

DEMOCRACY EXISTED before Thomas Jefferson was born, astounding as this fact may appear to some newspaper readers.

SHAKSPERE, AS RECENTLY REVISED IN LONDON  
—The *Times* is out of joint.

MOTTO FOR A CHILD'S TOY BANK — Drop your nickel in the slot, and get five cents' worth of exercise trying to shake it out next day.

BLOCKS OF FIVE — The Iceman's Ten-pound Cakes.

"PIGS IN CLOVER" — Successful Office-seekers.

SOME PEOPLE are born fools, some marry fools, and some have fools thrust upon them.

IT WOULD NOT be a bad idea to change the old saying, "the pot calling the kettle black," into a man who lives in Brooklyn making fun of a man who lives in Jersey City.

THE OFFICE which seeks the man in these times has a good chance to get lost in the crowd.

## DOCTORING IN THE DARK.

No sensible surgeon will attempt the performance of an operation involving human life in a room secluded from the proper amount of light. A practitioner will not attempt the diagnosis of a complicated disease unless he can see the sufferer and make an examination upon which to base his opinion relative to the treatment necessary to bring about restoration of health.

Notwithstanding the impropriety of such action, there seems to be a great deal of doctoring done in the dark.

It needs no illustrations to demonstrate that gross ignorance has caused many fatal mistakes in the treatment of diseases by those who profess to be learned in the art of healing.

In many diseases several organs are more or less implicated, and what seems a primary ailment may be one quite remote. For instance, a severe headache may have its origin in a disturbed stomach. On the other hand, sickness at the stomach may be caused by a blow on the head. The seat of typhoid fever is in the upper part of the bowels, but most of its worst symptoms are often in the brain.

Symptoms of disease as well as diseases themselves are oftentimes followers or concomitants of some unsuspected organic disease; and this is peculiarly true of lung, liver, brain and heart diseases in general, for it is now known that they are the result of kidney disease, which shows its presence in some such indirect manner.

Several years ago a gentleman became convinced of the truth of this, and through his efforts the world has been warned of kidney disease, and as a result of continued effort a specific known as Warner's Safe Cure was discovered, the general use of which has shown it to be of inestimable benefit in all cases where kidney treatment is desirable or necessary.

When consumption is threatened see to it that the condition of the kidneys is immediately inquired into, and if they are found diseased, cure them by an immediate use of Warner's Safe Cure, and the symptoms of lung decay will rapidly disappear.

There are too many instances already recorded of the terrible results produced by a lack of knowledge concerning the cause of disease, and human life is of too much importance to be foolishly sacrificed to bigotry or ignorance.

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

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**BROTHERS'**  
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**PIANOS** 595

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

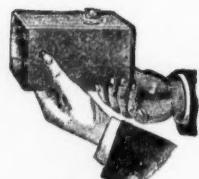
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Price, \$25.00.

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Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

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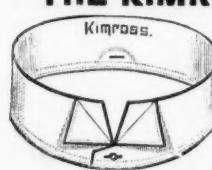
At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.

151 Words per Minute, without an Error.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurkin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS of correct work, by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

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name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not  
sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

A DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT.—The Rev. Joseph Cook.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies — old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a

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*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap."

I am told that my commendation of PEARS' soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES!

I AM WILLING TO STAND BY EVERY WORD IN FAVOR OF IT I EVER UTTERED

A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' TOILET PURPOSES. It is the best, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps for general purposes. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. But be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

CAREFUL OF HIS HEALTH.  
"Will you have a piece of my pie, Mr. Robinson?"

"Did the doctor say I must?" asked the invalid, meekly. And the landlady refused to answer.—*Harper's Bazar.*

REPUBLICAN (to MUGWUMP).—Aw, you are in the soup!

MUGWUMP (despairingly).—No, we are not. You fellows have even taken the soup.—*Washington Critic.*

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Every Family should have it. Powdered, and put up in ONE POUND TIN CANS, 75 CENTS per can. 25 cents additional for postage, if sent by mail.

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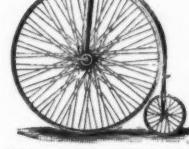
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Gus.—Really, I hardly know myself. Could n't help it. Just like falling downstairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was—engaged.

"Well, I have n't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and slumped every time."

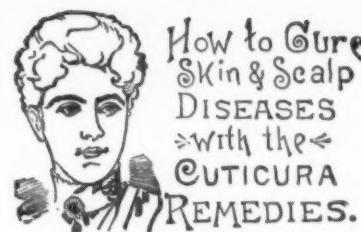
"And did she let you slump?"

"Yes."

"You are courting the wrong girl." — *New York Weekly.*

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By their action the mucus is dissolved, quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying cough and then bring about the longed for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

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BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

**Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;**

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Mr. WITLING. — Plays — works, I should say. — Ex.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE Rusk has engaged a young man as private secretary, to look after his lettuce.— *Yonkers Statesman*.

HE HAS REFORMED.

Mrs. A.— My husband is beginning to reform. Mrs. B.— Indeed? I saw him going in a bar-room to-day.

Mrs. A.— Yes, I know. He went in for a glass of whiskey; but he takes water with it now.— *Epoch*.

"THEY poked a porous plaster into it, and then it began to play," is the way a boy described an organette.— *Harper's Bazaar*.

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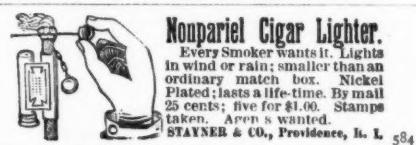
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### IT WAS, SURE ENOUGH.

HENPECKED HUSBAND (reading the paper and rocking the cradle).—Ahem! the bustle is going out, I see.

VIXENISH WIFE (who had just finished dressing).—You bet it is, and I am going with it. You take care of that baby till I get back.—Boston Courier.

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